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IN VACATION.

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In the city of Richmond "Justice John" is a terror to the law-breaking element of the negro population. Some time ago there were three negro girls up before him on the charge of having called three females of the same color "—dogs." The Justice first called the accusers and asked them what they had to say. The reply was: "Mr. Crutchfield, 'dem gals called us 'dogs.'" Then, turning to the prisoners, the Justice asked them what they had to say. They replied: "Jege, we didn't call 'dem dogs'; 'dey called us 'dogs'"; whereupon the celebrated jurist delivered his decision, in these words: "It is the opinion of the court that you are all dogs, and he fines you ten dollars each. We are bound to get enough money to pay for this City Hall."

Giles Jackson, the celebrated negro lawyer of Richmond, in defending one of his clients in the Police Court, began to read from the Code. The Police Justice seemed to suspect that Mr. Jackson was reading something which was not there, and interrupted the lawyer, saying, "Mr. Jackson, I never heard of any such law as that." "Well," said the lawyer, "is you 'gwine to hold my client responsible for the ignorance of this court?"

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A story is told of an eminent lawyer receiving a severe reprimand from a witness whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat, it was necessary that the lawyer should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age, in the following manner:

"How old are you?" asked the lawyer.

"Seventy-two years," replied the witness.

"Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?" asked the lawyer.

"I do not know but it is," answered the witness.

"State some circumstance which occurred, say twelve years ago," said the lawyer, "and we shall be able to see how well you can remember."

"I appeal to your Honor," said the witness, "if I am to be interrogated in this manner; it is insolent!"

"You had better answer the question," replied the Judge.

"Yes, sir; state it!" said the lawyer.

"Well, sir, if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge ——'s office, did you not?"

"Yes," answered the lawyer.

"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me: 'Mr. D——, my son is to be examined tomorrow, and I wish you would lend me \$15 to buy him a suit of clothes.' I remember also, sir, that from that day to this he has never paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it were yesterday."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A clever cross-examiner but a poor hand for remembering names and faces was recently cross-examining a witness of the opposition, with this result:

Lawyer—How long have you resided here?

Witness—All my life.

Lawyer—What, continuously?

Witness (hesitatingly)—Well, no sir, not all the time.

Lawyer—Aha, I thought so; now tell us just where you were when you were not here.

Witness—I was in the penitentiary.

Lawyer—Good, that's what I thought. Now tell this jury why you were sent to the penitentiary?

Witness—You defended me, sir.—*The Green Bag, June, 1904.*